BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

A POEM ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Dii Patrii Indigetes, & Romule, Vestaque Mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, & Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso Puerum succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibete: satis jampridem sanguine nostro
Laomedonteæ luimus Perjuria Trojæ.
Virg. Georg. 1.

HOLY-ROOD-HOUSE,
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MIDDLETON.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A

POEM

ON THE

PRINCE.

Born on the 10*th.* of *June*, 1688.

OUR Vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r:
Preventing Angels meet it half the way,
And ſent us back to Praiſe, who came to Pray.

Juſt on the Day, when the high mounted Sun
Did fartheſt in his Northern Progreſs run,
He bended forward and ev'n ſtretch'd the Sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd Year;
To view a Brighter Sun in *Britaine* Born;
That was the Buſ'neſs of his longeſt Morn,
The Glorious Object ſeen t'was time to turn.

Departing Spring cou'd only ſtay to ſhed
Her bloomy Beauties on the Genial Bed,
But left the manly Summer in her ſted,
With timely Fruit the longing Land to chear,
And to fulfill the promiſe of the Year.
Betwixt two Seaſons comes th' Auſpicious Heir,
This Age to bloſſom, and the next to bear.

(a) Laſt ſolemn Sabbath ſaw the Church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery Pomp deſcend;
But when his Wondrous (b) Octave rowl'd again,
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train:
So great a Bleſſing to ſo good a King
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.

Or did the Mighty Trinity conſpire,
As once, in Council to Create our Sire?
It ſeems as if they ſent the New Born Gueſt
To wait on the Proceſſion of their Feaſt;
And on their Sacred Anniverſe decree'd
To ſtamp their Image, on the promis'd Seed.
Three Realms united, and on One beſtow'd,
An Emblem of their Myſtick Union ſhow'd:
The Mighty Trine the Triple Empire ſhar'd,
As every Perſon wou'd have One to guard.

Hail Son of Pray'rs! by holy Violence,
Drawn down from Heav'n; but long be baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy Paternal Skyes retire:
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd require:
To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,
And finiſh what thy Godlike Sire begins.
Kind Heav'n, to make us *Engliſh men* again,
No leſs can give us than a Patriarchs Reign.

The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive,
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve;
Thy Father's Angel and thy Father joyn
To keep Poſſeſſion, and ſecure the Line;

(a) *Whit-Sunday.* (b) *Trinity Sunday.*

But

But long defer the Honours of thy Fate,
Great may they be like his, like his be late.
That *James* this running Century may view,
And give his Son an Auſpice to the New.

Our wants exact at leaſt that modcrate ſtay:
For ſee the (*c*) Dragon winged on his way,
To watch the (*d*) Travail and devour the Prey.
Or, if Alluſions may not riſe ſo high;
Thus when *Alcides* rais'd his Infant Cry,
The Snakes beſig'd his Young Divinity:
But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat;
For Oppoſition makes a Heroe Great.
To needful Succour all the Good will run;
And *Jove* aſſert the Godhead of his Son.

O ſtill repining at your preſent ſtate,
Grudging your ſelves the Benefits of Fate!
Look up, and read in Characters of Light
A Bleſſing ſent you in your own Deſpight.
The Manna falls, yet that Cœleſtial Bread
Like *Jews* you munch and murmur while you feed.
May not your Fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the Wild,
Or if it be, may *Moſes* live at leaſt
To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Reſt.

Tho Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow
What Plants will take the Blite, and what will grow,
By tracing Heav'n his Footſteps may be found

(c) *Alluding only to the Common-wealth Party, here and in other places of the Poem.* (d) Rev. 12. v. 4.

Behold

Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and wondrous in his wayes,
The Rise of Empires, and their Fall surveys;
More (might I say) than with an usual Eye,
He sees his bleeding Church in Ruine lye,
And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his Altar cry.
Already has he lifted high, the (*e*) Sign
Which crown'd the conquering Arms of *Constantine*:
The (*f*) Moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her Train of Stars have lost their Light.

Behold another (*g*) *Sylvester*, to bless
The Sacred Standard and secure success;
Large of his Treasures, of a Soul so great,
As fills and crowds his Universal Seat.
Now wiew at hom a (*h*) second *Constantine*
(The former too was of the *Brittish* Line)
Has not his healing Balm your Breaches clos'd,
Whose Exile many sought' and few oppos'd?
Or, did not Heav'n by its Eternal Doom
Permit those Evils, that this good might come?
So manifest, that ev'n the Moon-Ey'd Sects
See *Whom* and *What* this Providence protects.
Me thinks, had we within our Minds no more
Than that One Shipwrack on the Fatal (*i*) Ore,
That my thought may make us think again,
What Wounders God reserves for such a Reign.
To dream that Chance his Preservation wrought;

(e) *The Cross.* (f) *The Crescent, which the* Turks *bear for their Arms.*
(g) *The Pope in the time of* Constantine *the Great, alluding to the present* Pope.
(h) *K.* James *the Second.* (i) *The Common Ore.*

were

Were to think *Noah* was preſerved for nought;
Or the ſurviving Eight were not deſign'd
To people Earth, and to reſtore their Kind.

when humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze.
The Manly Lines of a Majeſtick Face
Give awful joy: 'Tis Paradiſe to look
On the fair Frontiſepiece of Natur's Book;
If the firſt opening Page ſo charms the ſight,
Think how the unfolded Volume will delight!

See how the venerable Infant lyes
In early Pomp; how through the Mother's Eyes
The Father's Soul, with an undaunted view
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due.
See on his future Subjects how he ſmiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his Throne,
Aſſures our Birthrights, and aſſumes his own.

Born in broad Day-light, that th'ungrateful Rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt:
Truth, which it ſelf is light, does darkneſs ſhun,
And the true Eaglet ſafely dares the Sun.

(*k*) Fain wou'd the Fiends have made a dubious Birth,
Loth to confeſs the Godhead cloath'd in Earth.
But ſickned after all their baffled lyes,
To find an Heir apparent of the Skyes:
Abandon'd to deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.

Not Great (*l*) *Æneas* ſtood in plainer Day,
When, the dark mantling Miſt diſſolv'd away, He

(k) *Alluding to the Temptations in the Wilderneſs.* (l) Virg. *Æneid.* 1.

He to the *Tyrians* ſhew'd his ſudden face,
Shining with all his Goddeſs Mother's Grace:
For She her ſelf had made his Count'nance bright,
Breath'd honour on his Eyes, and her own Purple Light.

If our Victorious (*m*) *Edward*, as they ſay,
Gave *Wales* a Prince on that Propitious Day,
Why may not Years revolving with his Fate
Produce his Like, but with a longer Date?
One who may carry to a diſtant ſhore
The Terrour that his Fam'd Forefather bore.
But why ſhou'd *James* or his Young Hero ſtay
For ſlight Preſages of a Name or Day?
We need no *Edward*'s Fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was born:
Our Prince adorns his Day, and Ages hence
Shall wiſh his Birth-day for ſome future Prince.

(*n*) Great *Michael*, Prince of all th' Ætherial Hoſts,
And w[illegible]e're In born Saints our *Britain* boaſts;
And th[illegible]th' (*o*) adopted Patron of our Iſle,
With ch[illegible]ful Aſpects on this Infant ſmile:
The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from above,
Secures our Bliſs, and reconciles his Love.
Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,
When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy Atoms did in Plagues conſpire,
Nor did th' avenging Angel yet retire,
But purg'd our ſtill encreaſing Crimes with Fire.

(m) Edw. *the black Prince*, Born on *Trinity-Sunday*. (n) *The Muſe of the Poem explain'd.* (o) *St* George.

Then

Then perjur'd Plots, the ſtill impending Teſt,
And worſe; but Charity conceals the Reſt:
Here ſtop the Current of the ſaguine flood,
Require not, Gratious God, thy Martyrs Blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toyl,
Spread a Rich Harveſt through their Native Soil:
A Harveſt ripening for another Reign,
Of which this Royal Babe may reap the Grain.

Enough of early Saints one womb has giv'n;
Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:
Let them for his and our Attonement go;
And Reigning bleſt above, leave him to Rule below.

Enough already has the Year foreſlow'd
His wonted Courſe, the Seas have overflow'd
The Meads were floated with a weeping Spring,
And frighten'd birds in Woods forgot to ſing;
The Strong-limb'd Steed beneath his harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhiv'ring ſweat his Lord attaints.
When will the Miniſter of wreath give o're?
Behold him; at (p) *Araunach*'s threſhing floor.
He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming brand;
Pleas'd with burnt Incenſe, from our *David*'s hand.
David has bought the *Jebuſites* abode,
And rais'd an Altar to the Living God.
Heav'n, to reward him make his Joys ſincere;
No future Ills, nor Accidents appear
To ſully and pollute the ſacred Infant's Year.
Five Months to Diſcord and Debate were giv'n:
He ſanctifies the yet remaining Sev'n.

(p) *Alluding to the paſſage in the* 1. *Book of Kings* Ch. 24. v. 20.

Sabbath of Months! henceforth in him be blest,
And prelude to the Realms perpetual Rest!

Let his Baptismal Drops for us attone;
Lustrations for (q) Offences not his own.
Let Conscience, which is Intr'st ill disguis'd
In the same Font be cleans'd, and all the Land Baptiz'd.

(r) Un-nam'd as yet; at least unknown to Fame;
Is there a strife in Heav'n about his Name?
Where every Famous Predecessor vies,
And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred (s) *Tetragrammaton*.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd;
Thus the true Name of (t) *Rome* was kept conceal'd,
To shun the Spells, and sorceries of those
Who durst her Infant Majesty oppose.
But when his tender Strength in time shall rise
To dare ill Tongues, and fascinating Eyes;
This Isle, which hides the little Thund'rer's Fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his Name:
Th' Artillery of Heav'n shall make him known;
(u) *Crete* cou'd not hold the God, when *Jove* was grown.

As *Joves* (x) Increase, who from his Brain was born,
Whom Arms and Art did equally adorn,
Free of the Breast was bred, whose milky taste

(q) *Original Sin.* (r) *The Prince Christen'd, but not nam'd.* (s) Jehovah, *or the name of God unlawful to be pronounc'd by the Jews.* (t) *Some Authors say, That the true name of* Rome *was kept a secret; ne hostes incantamentis Deos elicerent.* (u) Candie *where* Jupiter *was born and bred secretly.* (x) Pallas, *or* Minerva; *said by the Poets, to have been bred up by Hand.*

Minerva's

Minerva's name to Venus hade debas'd:
So this Imperiall Sage rejects the fond
That mix'd Mannanche wt plebeian blood:
Good that his inborn Courage might conceiall,
extinguish all the father in his soull,
and, for his Scottish race, and Saxon straine,
might reproduce some Second Richard's reigne.
millones he shaves from both his Parents blood,
but Kings too tame are despicable food:
be this the mixture of thirst Dagall chiefe,
by nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus fares the fugitive tranquport of the news
had to pythetich madnes lin'd the clues:
madnes ungovernable power,
Swift to fortell whatever she desir'd;
rode it thro me the earth abuse to tread,
and rode the Sea get Angells cannot reade
how cross I punish'd when the sudden blast
dare the face of the ocean, and mis fortune cast!
disease, disorder, and Death at three reprises stole:
at three in sitting strides, the stalk'd the town,
and, like Contagion, struck the Royall flower.
down fell the wizzen'd wheate but mounted high
the whirle wind bore the chaff to hit the sky.
the Earth's (s) Gyganticke stock by moments grow
and here the bones of God are petrifi'd no more
one Scepter of griefe: so low were thy
the Saints. As hardly to defend y^heav'n.

(s) The sudden fatal report of the Prince's Death
(t) These Gyants are feigned to have grown
Inches every day.

As when pent vapoürs vünn ther hollow vownd,
earthqüakes, geh ave Convülsions of the grownd.
& breah Bellowing forth, and so confinement brosh,
till the third fettles, what the former shook;
Such heavings had onr sowles; till slow & late,
onr life with her returnd and Elisha prevail'd on
by prayers the mightie blessing was implor'd,
so prayers was granted, and by prayers retaid.

So e're the (a) Shunamite a son receav'd,
the Prophet promis'd and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent the son so mürn dessir'd,
büt soon üpon the Mother's ane's expir'd.
the troübl'd Seer approach'd the moavnfull doos,
van, pray'd, and sent his Past'rall Staff before,
then stretch'd his limbs üpon the child, & moavn'd,
till warmth, and breath, & a new soül returnd,

Thüs Mercy stretches oüt her hand, & saves
desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of haik & rain
beates to the grownd the yet ünbearded grain
think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
on the flatt field, and on the naked rbid;
the light, ünloaded stemm, from tempest fre'd,
will raize the youthfull honors of his head;
and soon restor'd by native vigoür, bear
the timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude the fierie Triall's past,
for heav'n will exercize us to the last,

(a) 2 Kings. cap. 4.

sometymes

sometymes will check ūs in owr full carreer,
wt doubtfull blissings, and wt mingled fear:
that, still depending on his dayly grace,
his every mercy for ane alms may pass,
wt sparing alms may dget ūs to good,
preventing farfeits of owr pamper'd blood.
so feeds the mother-bird her craving yong,
with little mosells and delayes 'em long.

True, this last blissing was a royall feast,
but, wher's the wedding garment on the guest?
owr manners ūs religion were a dream,
are such as teach owr nations to blaspheme.
in lusts wee wallow, and wt pryde wee fewel,
and injuries wt injuries revel,
prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
owr lives unteach the doctrine wee believe;
thus Israell sinn'd impenitently hard,
and vainly thought the (b) present ash the guard:
and when the haughtie Philistines appear,
they flee abandon'd, for they fear;
their God was absent, though the Ark was ther.
the least owr crimes should snatch owr pledge away,
and make owr joyes the blissing of a day:
for wee have sinn'd him hence, and that he knows,
(c) to his promise, not owr practise owes.
owr crimes would soon weigh down the guiltie scale,
but James and Mary, and the Church prevaill.
nor Amalek can vanst the chosen bands,
whil Aar and Haron hold ūp Moses hands.

(b) Sam: 4. v. 10. c) Exod: 17. v. 8.

by living well, lest us secure his dayes,
moderate in hopes, and humble in our wayes.
in spite the sweetborn spirit can constraine.
But chastise, and [illegible] gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks, for such a day;
this God-like, God in his own coyn to pay.

But you, propitious Queen translated here,
from yr mild heav'n, to rule our vigg'd sphear,
beyond the sunny walks and circling year.
you, who your native climat have beside
of all the virtues, and the vices left;
whom pitie and beautie make ther boast,
though beautifull in weell in pieces lost:
so lost as starr light is dissolv'd away,
and melts into the brightness of the day:
or gold about the vexall didon,
lost to improve the lustre of the gem.
what can we adde to yr triumphant day?
let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
for should our thanks take the riding sun,
and lengthen, as his latest shadowes runn,
that though the longest day, were soon, too soon be done
but keep the suspicious infant from the wave; 2/
yet Angells voices, wt their hymns convive, — — 1/
state let him sing above, and let us know
no sweeter musick, then his cryes below.

Now can I wish to you, great Monarch more
then such ane annuall income to yr store;
the day get gave this unite, did not shine
for a less omen, then to fill the trine.
After a prince ane admirall begott,
the Royall Soveraigne wants ane anchor yet,

your

Our Iſle has younger Titles ſtill in ſtore,
And when th' exauſted Land can yield no more,
Your Line can force them from a Foreign ſhore.
The Name of Great, your Martial mind will ſute,
But Juſtice, is your Darling Attribute:
Of all the *Greeks*, 'twas but (*d*) one *Hero*'s due,
And, in him, *Plutarch* Prophecy'd of you,
A Prince's favours but on few can fall,
But Juſtice is a Vertue ſhar'd by all.
Some Kings the name of Conq'rours have aſſum'd,
Some to be Great, ſome to be Gods preſum'd;
But boundleſs pow'r, and arbitrary Luſt
Made Tyrants ſtill abhor the Name of Juſt;
They ſhun'd the praiſe this Godlike Virtue gives,
And fear'd a Title, That reproach'd their Lives.
The Pow'r from which all Kings derive their ſtate,
Whom they pretend, at leaſt, to imitate,
Is equal both to puniſh and reward:
For few wou'd love their God, unleſs they fear'd.
Reſiſtleſs Force and Immortality
Make but a Lame, Imperfect Diety:
Tempeſts have force unbounded to deſtroy,
And Deathleſs *Being* ev'n the Damn'd enjoy,
And yet Heav'ns Attributes, both laſt and firſt,
One without life, and one with life accurſt;
But Juſtice is Heav'ns ſelf, ſo ſtrictly He,
That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.
This Virtue is your own; but Life and State
Are One to Fortune ſubject, One to Fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears your ſteady Hand beguile;
Your ſelf our Ballance hold, the Worlds, our Iſle.

(d) Ariſtides, *ſee his Life in* Plutarch.

FINIS